Sugar Cookies & Snow Days by Browneyesparker

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Summary:

Mike and El have a snow day and bake some sugar cookies together.

Sugar Cookies & Snow Days

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As long as you love me so, let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!

El sighs as she looks out the window at the snowflakes drifting to the ground and wonders what Mike is doing. She had heard on the radio while she had been eating her Lucky Charms, school was canceled. According to Hopper it meant that nobody has to go to school, they get to stay home and have a snow day.

It does not mean Hopper can stay home from work though but he promises to leave early and get some ice cream and a Christmas video tape on his way back.

El sighs again and looks at the phone, communication between her and Mike is limited because they don't know if anyone's listening in on their conversations but she wishes they could be together and do the things she sees the people on TV do when it snows.

Of course, sledding, snowball fights, and snowmen building would be a no go because she's still not allowed to really go very far from the cabin. She sighs for a third time and switches the television on. She flips through the channels but she's restless and misses Mike, so none of her usual favorites hold her attention for very long.

When she hears the secret knock on the door, she flies off the couch and wrenches the door open, half-hoping Hopper is back, at least. But Mike is there instead, his cheeks pink from the cold.

"The Chief stopped by the house and said you were here alone," he says. "He told me it was okay if I came over to visit."

El squeals and pulls him in the house. "I was just thinking about you!" she tells him. "I'm so happy you're here!"

Mike unwinds his scarf and grins at her. "I'm happy to be here too! I had to get out of sledding with Max and the guys though and that wasn't easy because everybody was wondering where I was going

and when they heard I was coming, they wanted to come with me. But the chief isn't ready for all of us to storm your house quite yet."

El nods, she's not really disappointed though. As much as she misses the rest of the gang, she likes her time *alone* with Mike more than anything else in the world. "It's okay," she tells him. "We'll all be together soon."

Mike sheds his coat, kicks off his boots, and peels off his bulky, hunter green snowsuit. "That's what I told them!" he answers enthusiastically. "So, what should we do today? Hopper says we can't really do anything outside, so even though I'd love to build a snowman with you, I think that's out of the question for now."

"We could bake something," El suggests. "Hopper gave me cookie cutters to make sugar cookies for Christmas."

Mike's eyes light up. "I *love* making sugar cookies!" he tells her.

So, El gets *the Joy of Cooking* down from the bookshelf and flips to the page with the sugar cookie recipe she saved with the red silk bookmark a few days earlier. She reads the ingredients to him and he collects them all in a blue ceramic bowl.

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Mike doesn't love to make sugar cookies so much as he loves to sample what's in the bowl. He asks to lick the sugar and butter off the beaters. When the dough is formed, he steals pieces while she forms it into misshapen balls and wraps them in plastic to refrigerate them.

"You're not really helping," she tells him.

"Taste testing *is* helping!" Mike insists.

"Is not!" El argues back, swatting his hand away from the bowl and giggling. "Go. Sit down!"

While the dough is chilling in the fridge, she makes them ham and cheese sandwiches. She is a little heavy-handed with the mayo and mustard but he eats every single bite without complaining. When they are done with lunch, they still have some time left until the

timer goes off. So, he reads to her for a little bit from *a Christmas Carol*. She watches with rapt attention and is startled when there's a loud buzz from the kitchen counter.

Scrooge and his ghosts are forgotten about by both of them as they run and get the dough, El reads the directions and then tosses way too much flour on the table, the first time she rolls the dough out, it is too thin. Mike does it the second time, "I'm a sugar cookie making *pro*!" he brags as he does it unevenly.

El takes his word for it and gets her cookie cutters from the cabinet. Together, they cut out snowflakes, Santa's sleigh, Santa Claus, and reindeer. When they're in the oven, El is obsessive about checking them to make sure they don't get too dark. She does not want a repeat of her pumpkin pie from Thanksgiving.

Mike finally stops her and tells her to make icing while he reads to her some more. She has a hard time paying attention to what she's doing, so it's a little thin. He assures her it's okay and adds more powdered sugar for her.

When they are finally finished making cookies and washing the dishes, they both fall onto the couch exhausted.

"Baking is hard work," she tells Mike.

Mike nods, his mouth full of cookies, he swallows and takes a sip of milk. "These are really good," he tells her.

El blushes and reaches out to brush some crumbs away from the corner of his mouth. "Thanks," she replies even though she doesn't really think they're *that* great. She certainly cannot bake like Julia Child or any of those other cooks on Saturday morning TV.

He catches her hand in his and looks at her sincerely. "I am not just saying that because I have to because. . . well, I'm not just saying that. . ." he trails off.

"I know," she assures him because she does. She *does* know she even has sense of what he's trying to say to her but can't say aloud.

Mike sighs and leans against her. "Today's been a good day. The best

snow day ever!"

El cautiously leans into him. "Yeah," she agrees, even though she doesn't have any snow days to go on really. But one thing she does know to be true, any day with Mike is the *best* day ever. "Read to me some more?" she requests, looking up at him with her big brown eyes as she floats the book to him and it lands in his lap with a gentle plop.

Mike picks it up and starts to read where they left off. *"There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and to be the first to greet them."*

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Hopper came home to find them still together on the couch, they were nearly done with the book. He shook his head when he saw them.

"It's starting to get dark out. I'll take you home, no need for you to be wandering through the woods when it's this cold out!" he tells Mike even though it's getting harder and harder for him to separate the pair.

"Sorry, we lost track of the time," Mike says sheepishly as he stands up and begins to gather his winter gear. He's struggling to get his snowsuit over his leg when Hopper sighs and throws his hands up in the air.

"Okay, okay! You can stay and watch the movie with us," he relents. "But you have to go home right after it's over. I don't want either of you to pout or say how cold it is outside. You've been together long enough today. *And* this is a onetime thing just because I'm making an exception today doesn't mean I'll make one next week or in two months. Are we all clear?"

El and Mike both nod enthusiastically at the same time, they look thrilled they have two more hours together.

Hopper sighs, shakes his head, and hangs his hat on the hook by the door.

The End

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Author's Note:

Did you guys have a snow weekend? I did! Anyways, like always, I don't even know what this really is. But I hope you enjoyed it and that you'll tell me what you thought. Imma be back soon with a little Christmas story, so be on the lookout for that! IT'S MY FAVORITE TIME OF THE YEAR!

Until Next Time!